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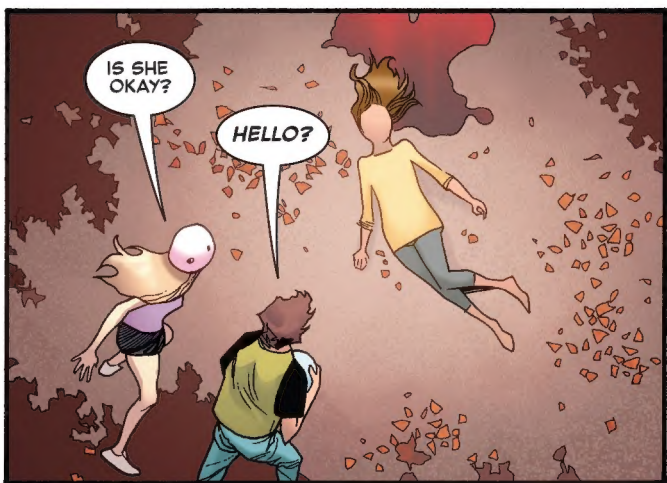
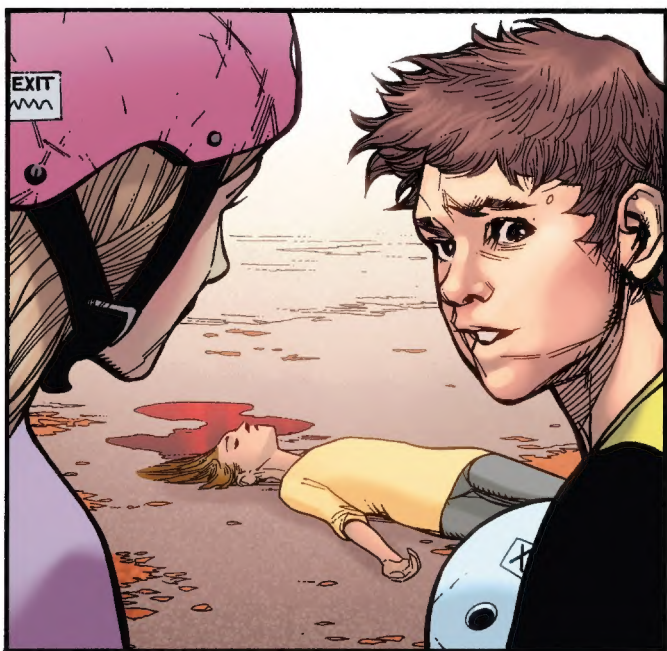
ROSENBERG
YU
ALANGUILAN
ROSENBERG

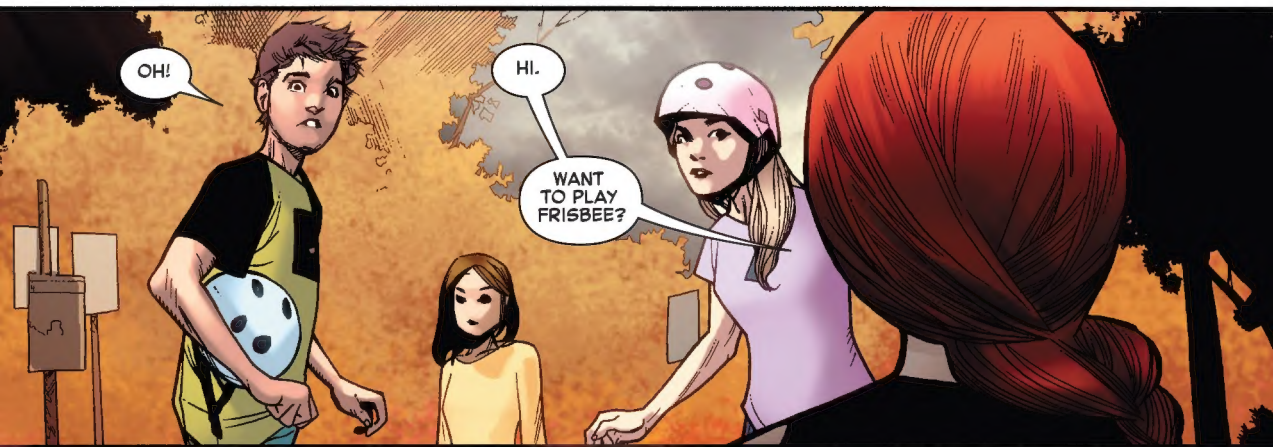
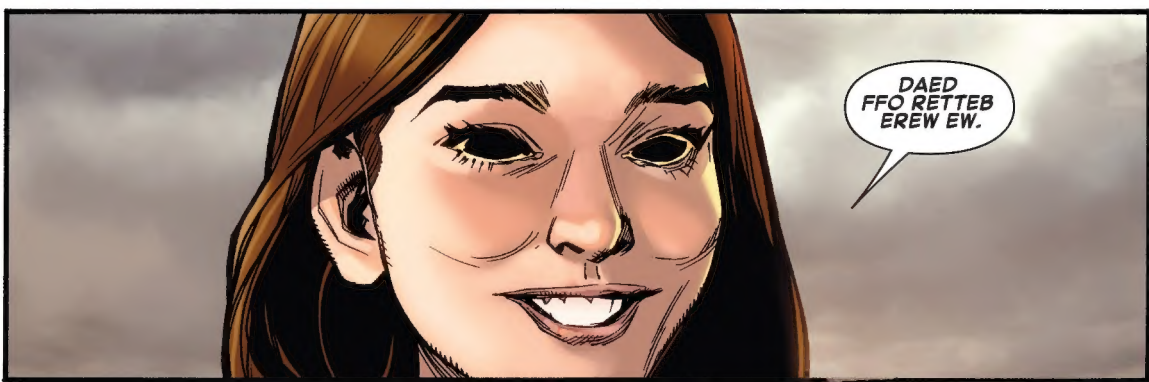
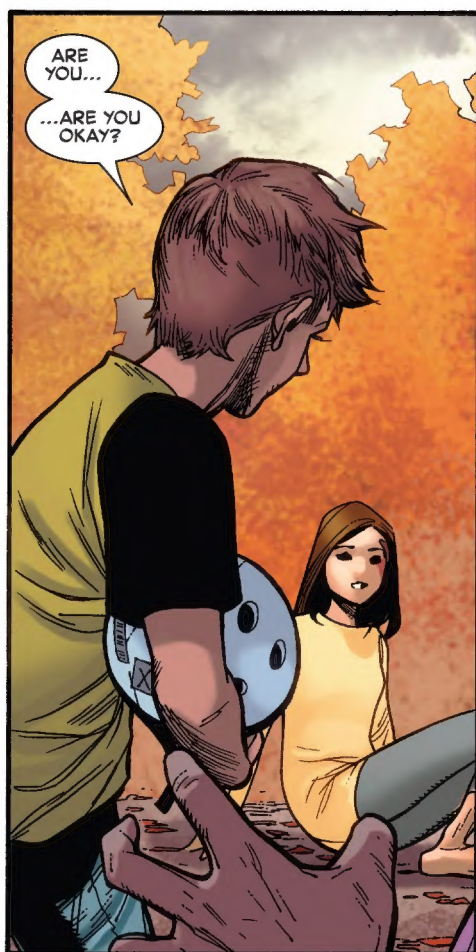
PHOENIX

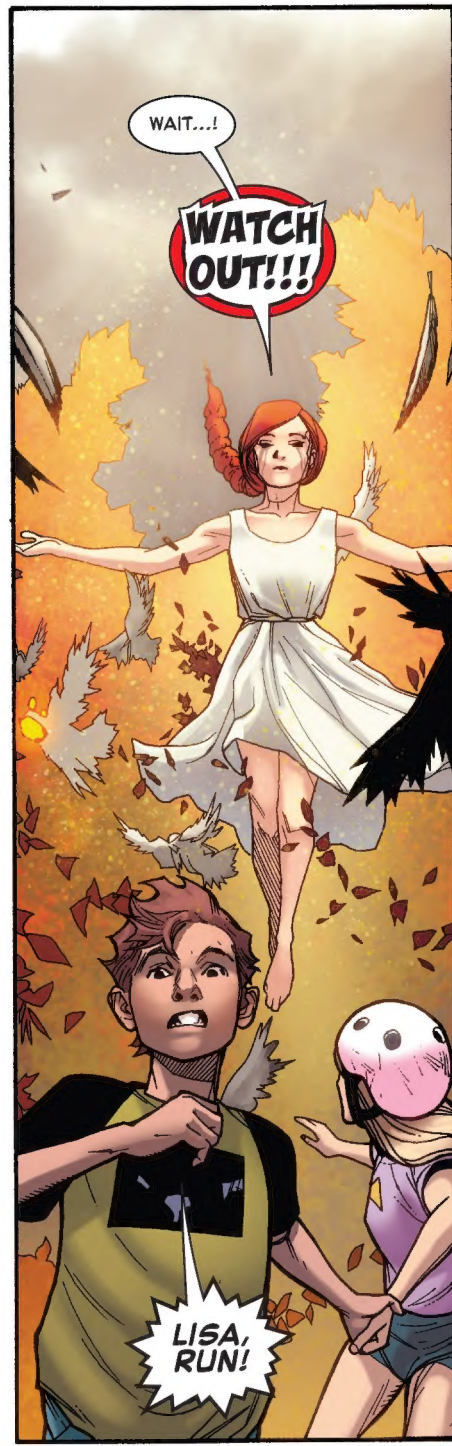
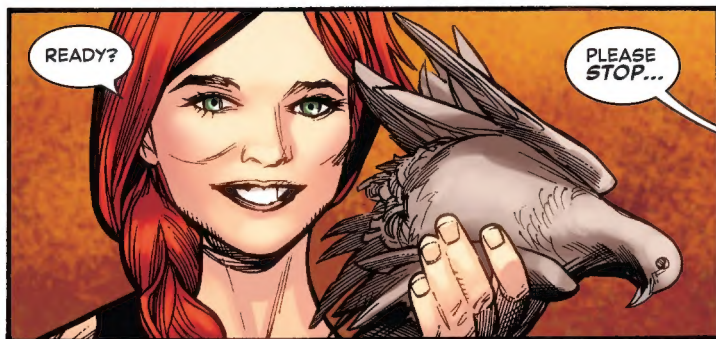
RESURRECTION™



ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK







TWO HOURS LATER.





DAED FFO
RETTEB.

RACHEL?

YES,
KURT?

I THINK I
SHOULD MAYBE
TAKE YOU BACK
TO THE PLANE
FOR THE
MOMENT.



WE WERE LED
TO BELIEVE THAT
THERE WERE CHILDREN
INJURED. WE WOULD
LIKE A CHANCE TO
TALK TO THEM
WHEN WE CAN.

YOU CAN
"TALK" TO THEM
RIGHT NOW.



THEY AREN'T
AT THE
HOSPITAL?!

NO...WE WEREN'T
SURE WHAT TO
DO. ON ACCOUNT
OF THE...THE
MUTANT...
UMM...

ON
ACCOUNT
OF THE
WEIRDNESS.

THE
WEIRDNESS?



TAKE A
LOOK FOR
YOURSELF...

DO NOT CROSS



HE MAY
BE A TRUE
MORON, BUT
BARNEY FIFE
OVER HERE
IS RIGHT.

THIS DOES
QUALIFY AS
WEIRDNESS.

MARVEL COMICS
proudly presents...

PHOENIX

RESURRECTION

CHAPTER ONE: FRUSTRATE THE SUN

MATTHEW **ROSENBERG** WRITER

LEINIL FRANCIS **YU** PENCILER

GERRY **ALANGUILAN** INKER

RACHELLE **ROSENBERG** COLOR ARTIST

VC's TRAVIS **LANHAM** LETTERER

LEINIL FRANCIS **YU** & SUNNY **GHO** MAIN COVER ARTISTS

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with MICHAEL **KELLEHER**; JOHN TYLER **CHRISTOPHER**; IN-HYUK **LEE**; SKOTTIE **YOUNG**

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

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DARREN **SHAN** ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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AXEL **ALONSO** EDITOR IN CHIEF | JOE **QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

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JEAN GREY CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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THANK YOU
FOR COMING
HERE ON SUCH
SHORT
NOTICE.

IF YOU
COULD ALL
TAKE YOUR
SEATS...

EARLY THIS
MORNING, MY TEAM
RESPONDED TO AN
INCIDENT AROUND 95
MILES NORTH OF
THE CITY.

THE
INFORMATION
WE WERE RECEIVING
WAS *INCONCLUSIVE*,
BUT WE THOUGHT IT
WAS POSSIBLY
MUTANT-
RELATED.

THE REPORTS
WE COULD GATHER
FROM THE AREA WERE
SPOTTY AT BEST AND WE
WEREN'T ENTIRELY SURE
WHAT WE WERE ABOUT
TO WALK INTO.



AND TO
BE TOTALLY
HONEST...

...WE
STILL AREN'T
SURE WHAT
IT WAS.

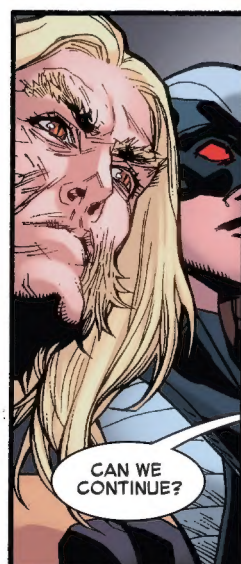
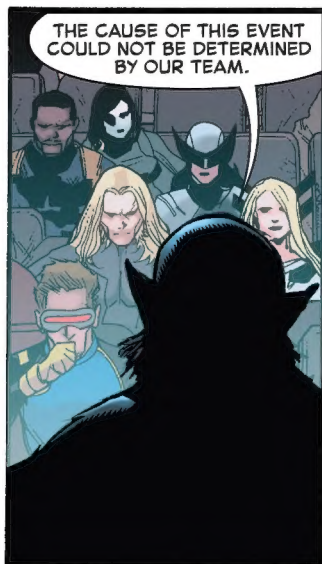
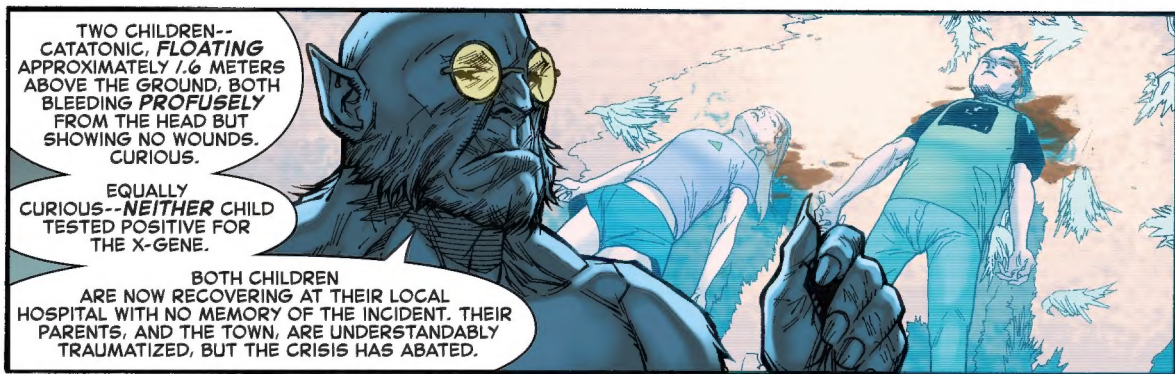


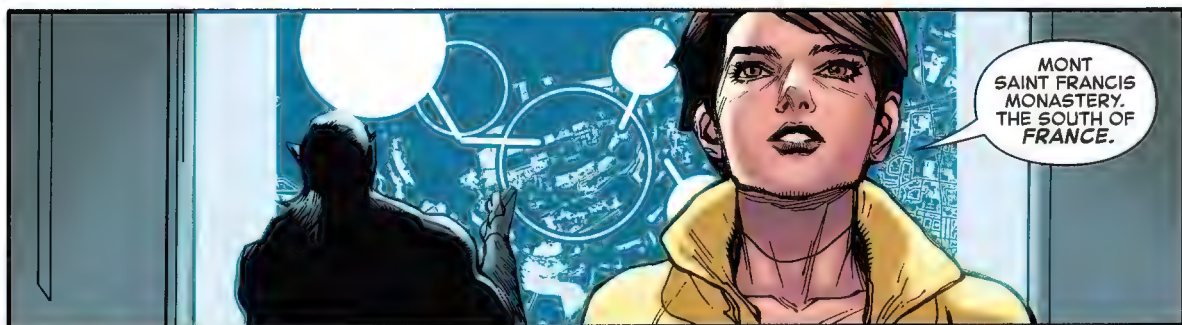
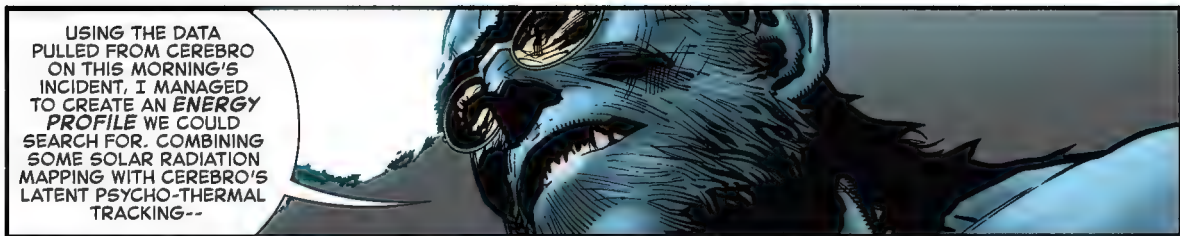
SO I CALLED *BEAST* AND ASKED HIM
IF HE COULD COME DOWN HERE AND
SEE WHAT HE COULD GLEAN. WITH
THAT SAID, I'M GOING TO TURN
THIS OVER TO HIM NOW.

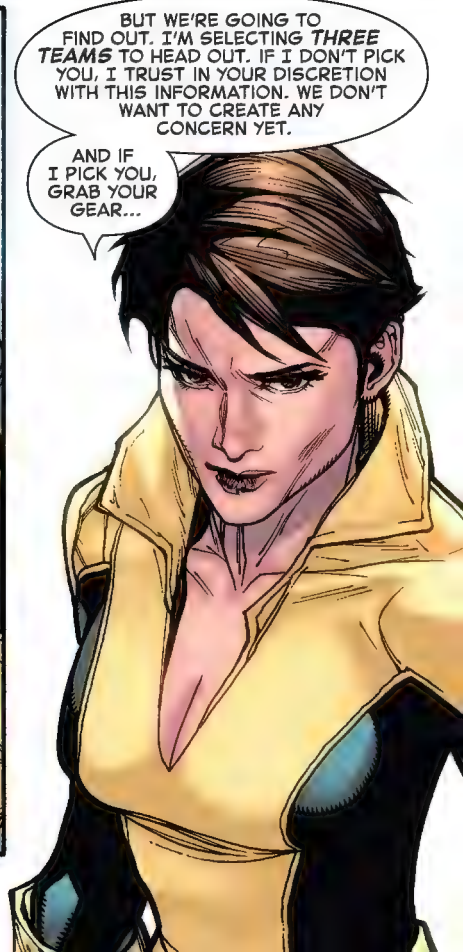
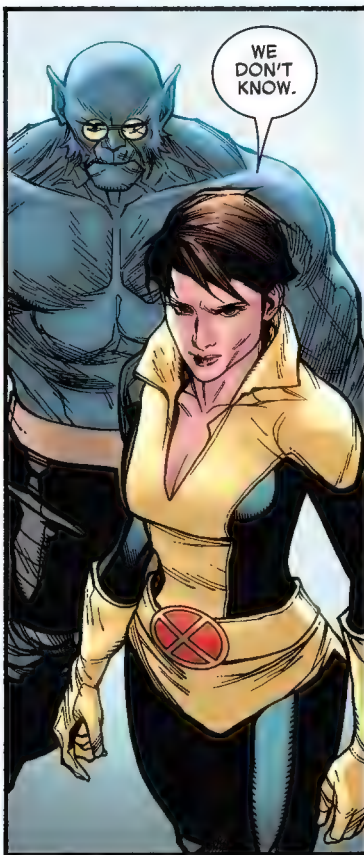


HANK?

THANK
YOU, KITTY.









MONT SAINT FRANCIS.

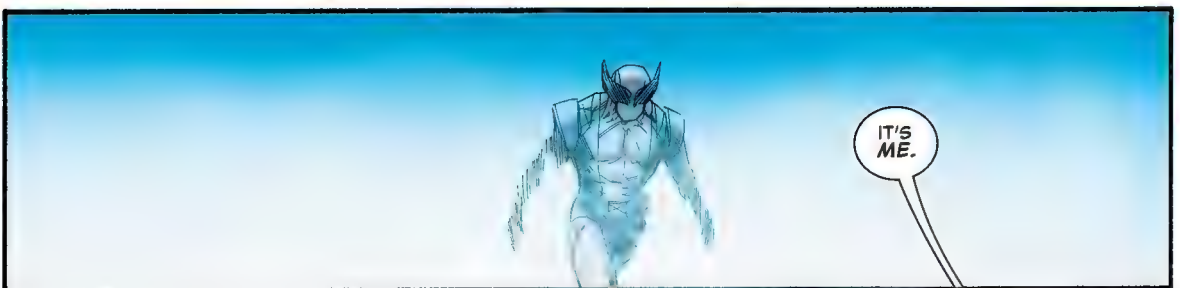


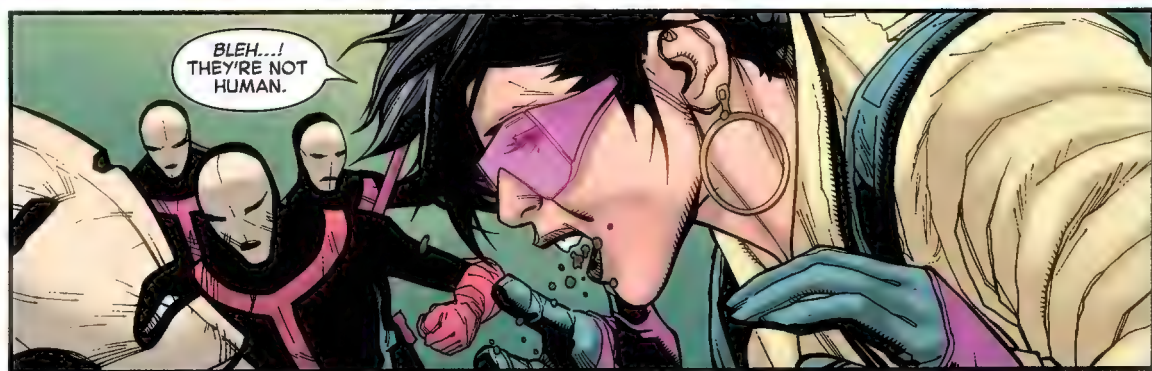
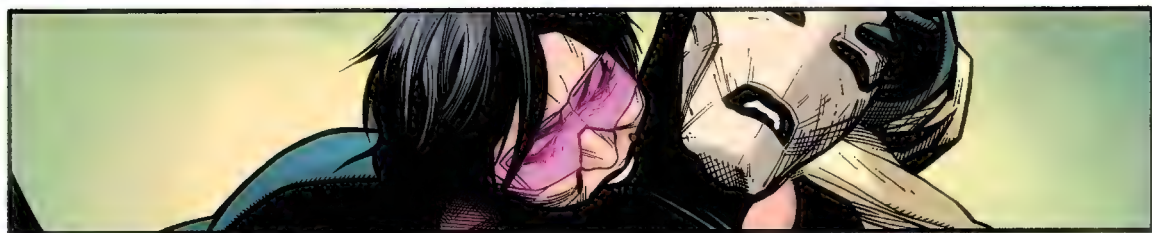
THE NORTH POLE.



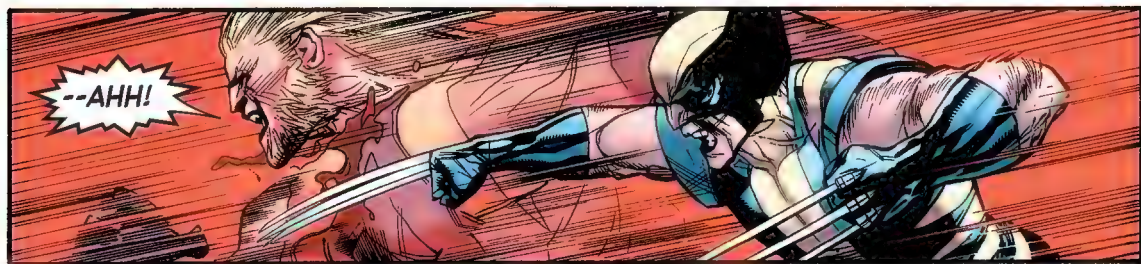
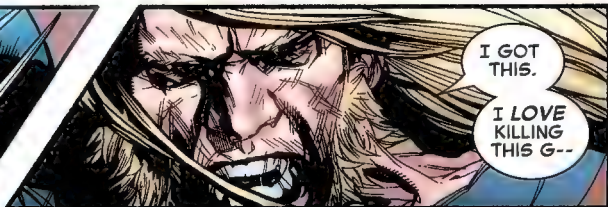
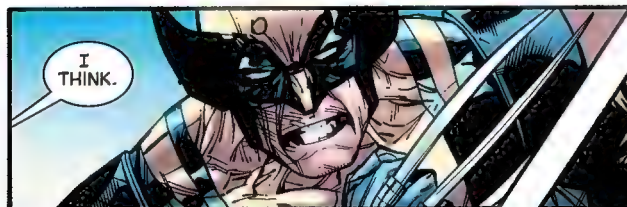








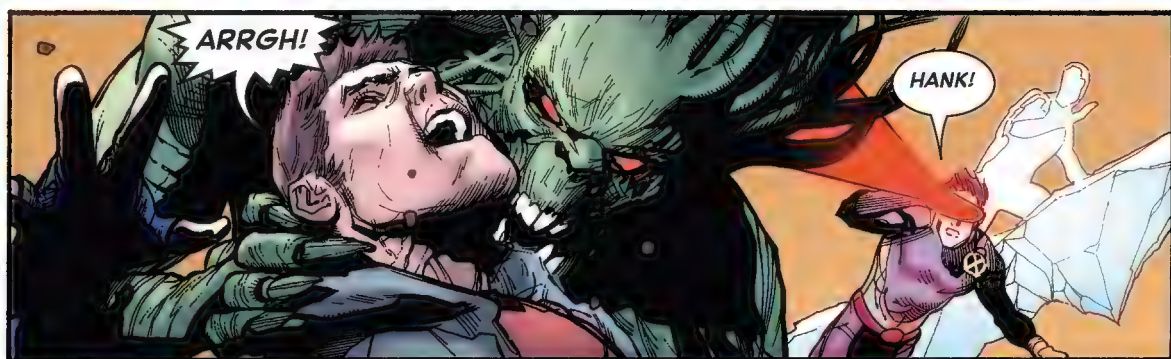








I CAN'T
GET A CLEAR
SHOT.



ARRGH!

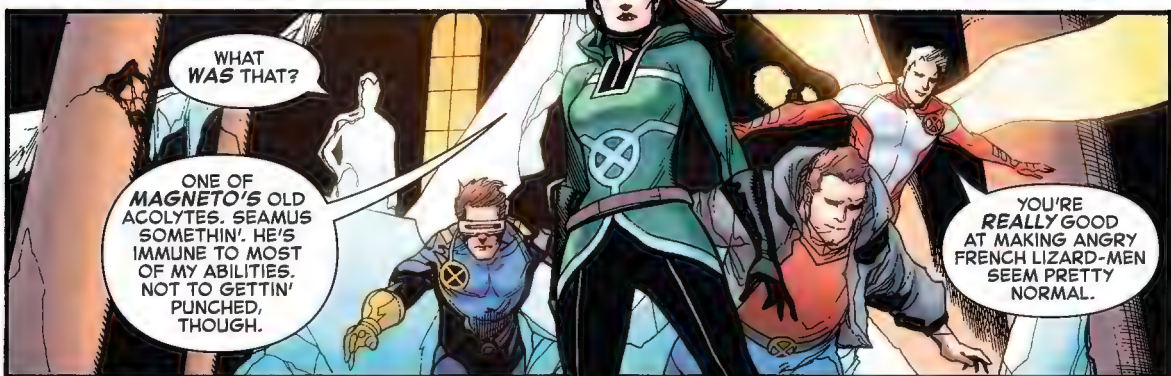
HANK!



I TOLD
YOU KIDS...



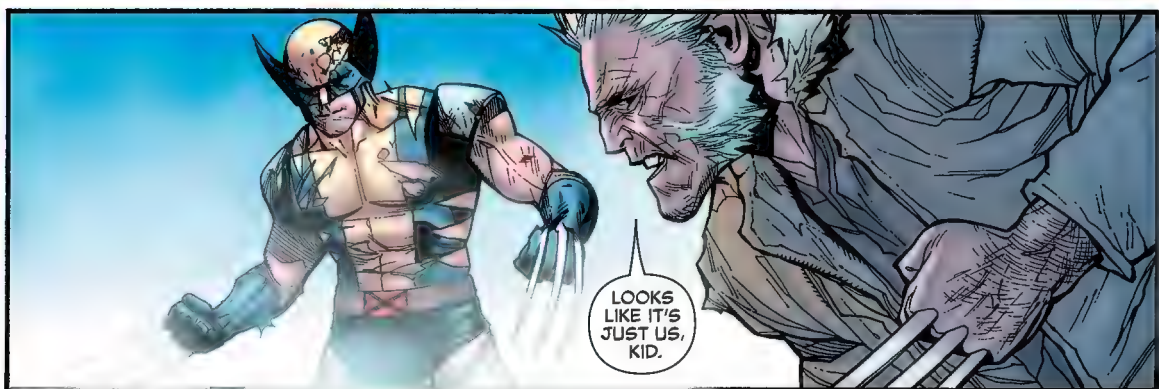
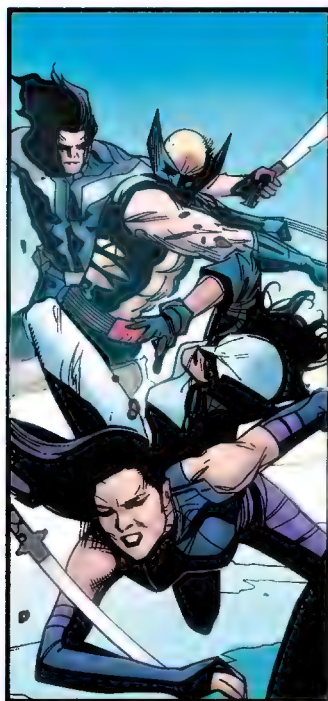
...TO
STAY
BACK.



WHAT
WAS THAT?

ONE OF
MAGNETO'S OLD
ACOLYTES. SEAMUS
SOMETHIN'. HE'S
IMMUNE TO MOST
OF MY ABILITIES.
NOT TO GETTIN'
PUNCHED,
THOUGH.

YOU'RE
REALLY GOOD
AT MAKING ANGRY
FRENCH LIZARD-MEN
SEEM PRETTY
NORMAL.



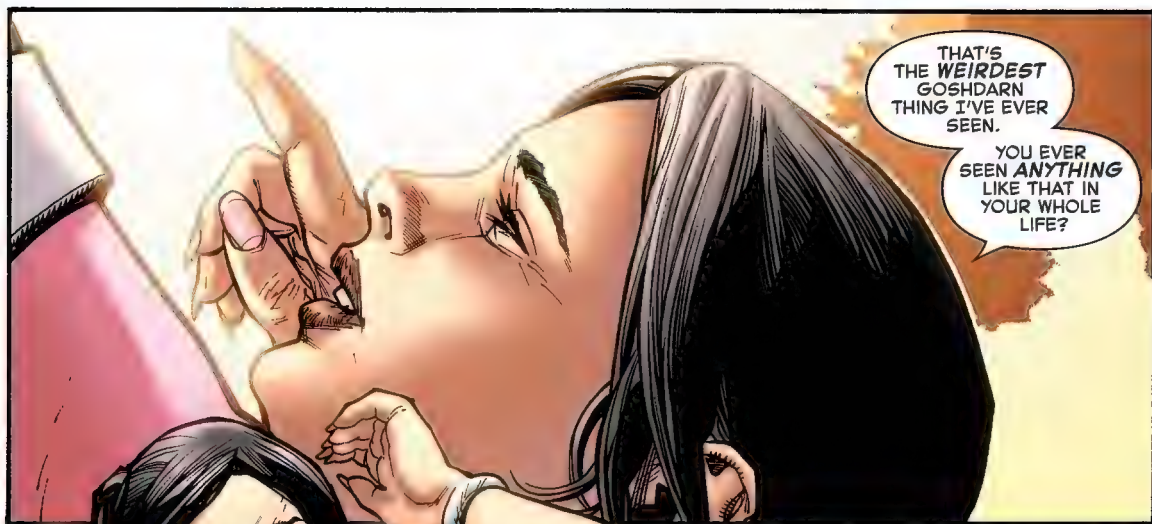




ELSEWHERE.

WELL,
FUDGE.



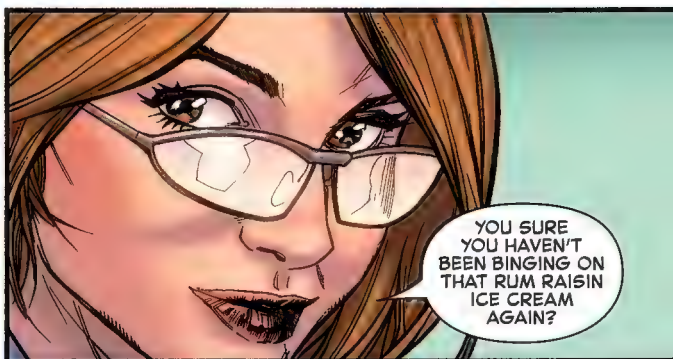


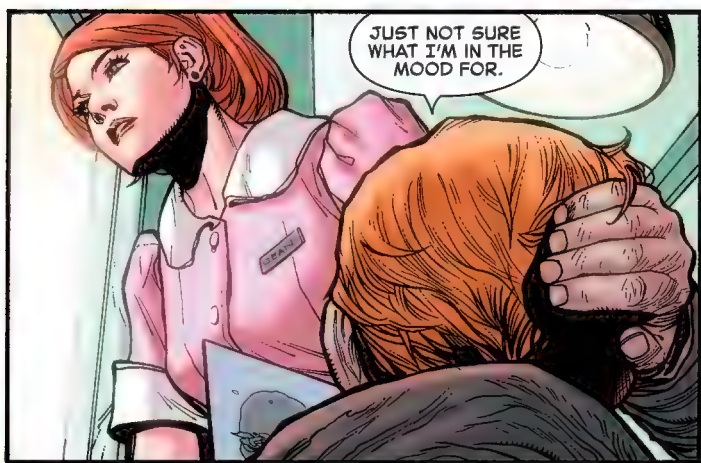
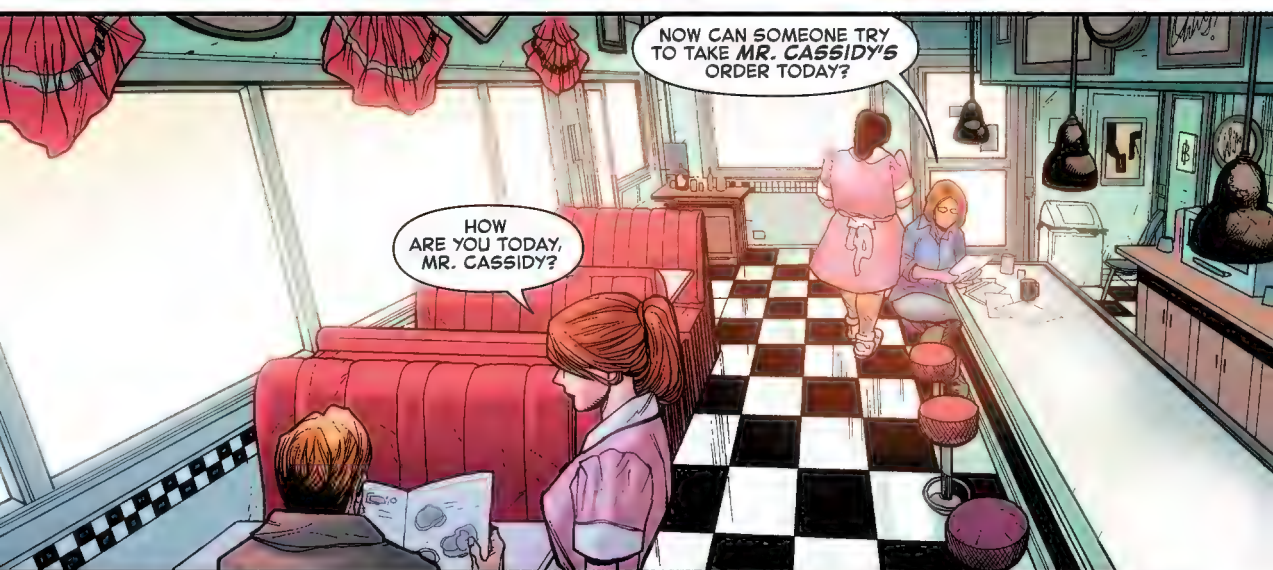
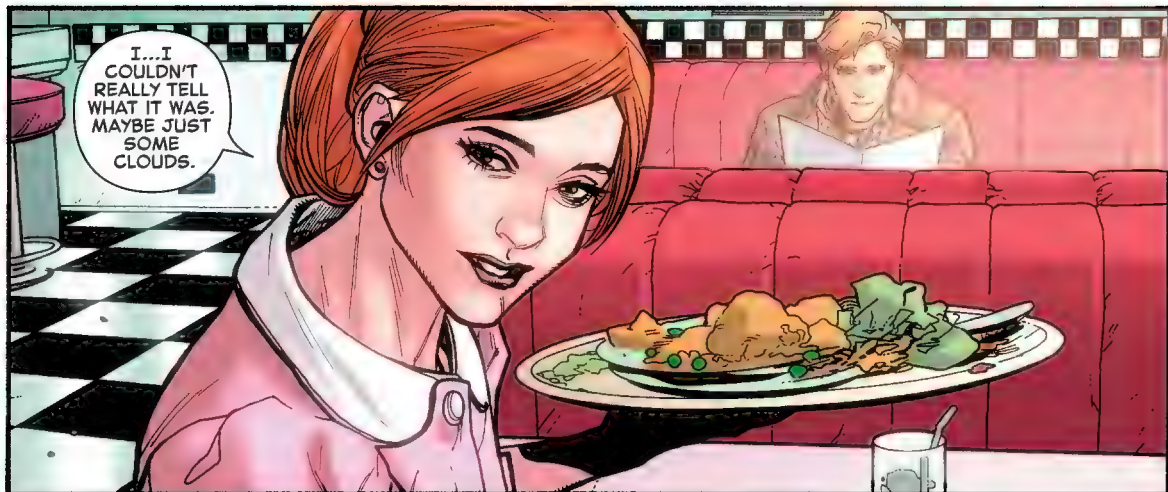
THAT'S
THE **WEIRDEST**
GOSHDARN
THING I'VE EVER
SEEN.

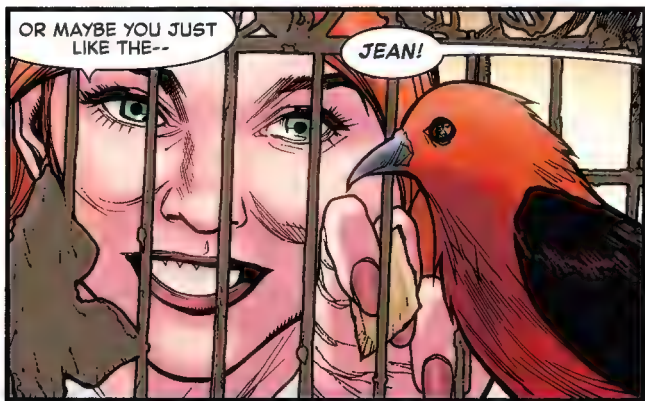
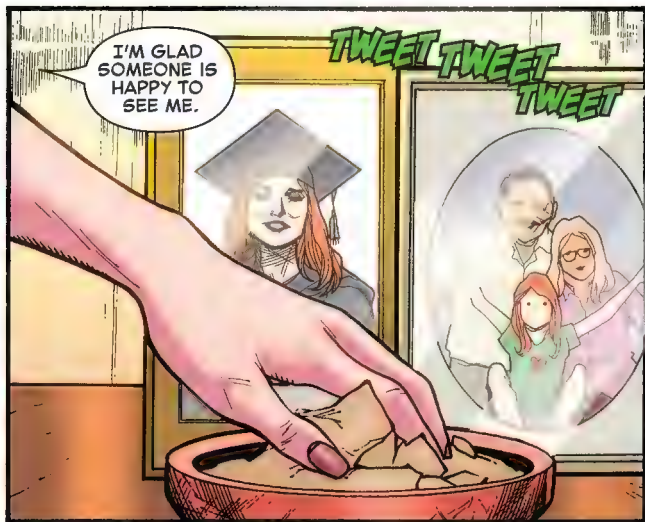
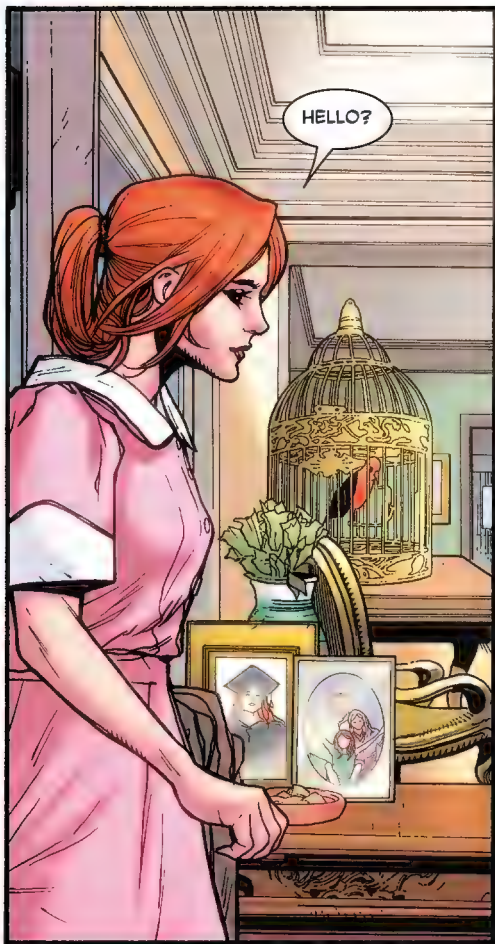
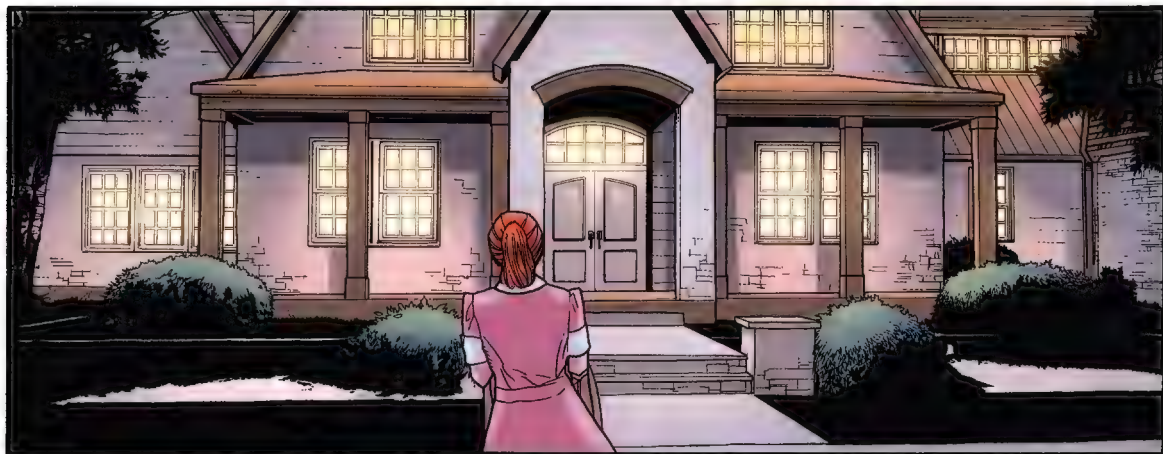
YOU EVER
SEEN **ANYTHING**
LIKE THAT IN
YOUR WHOLE
LIFE?

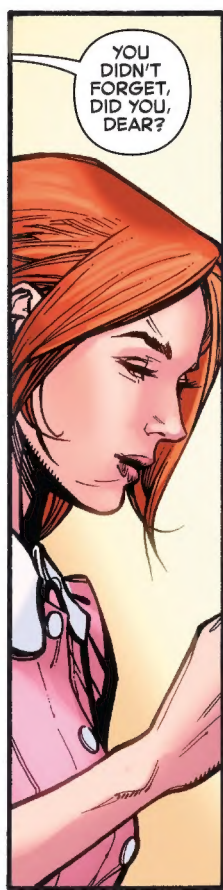
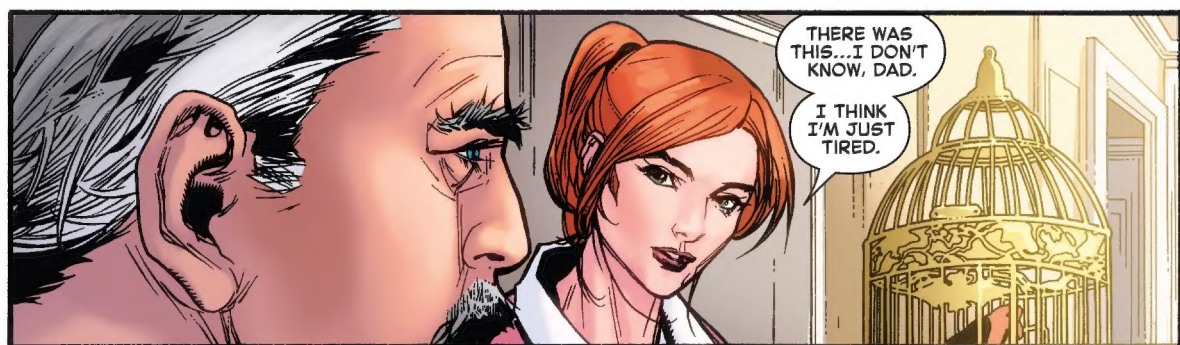
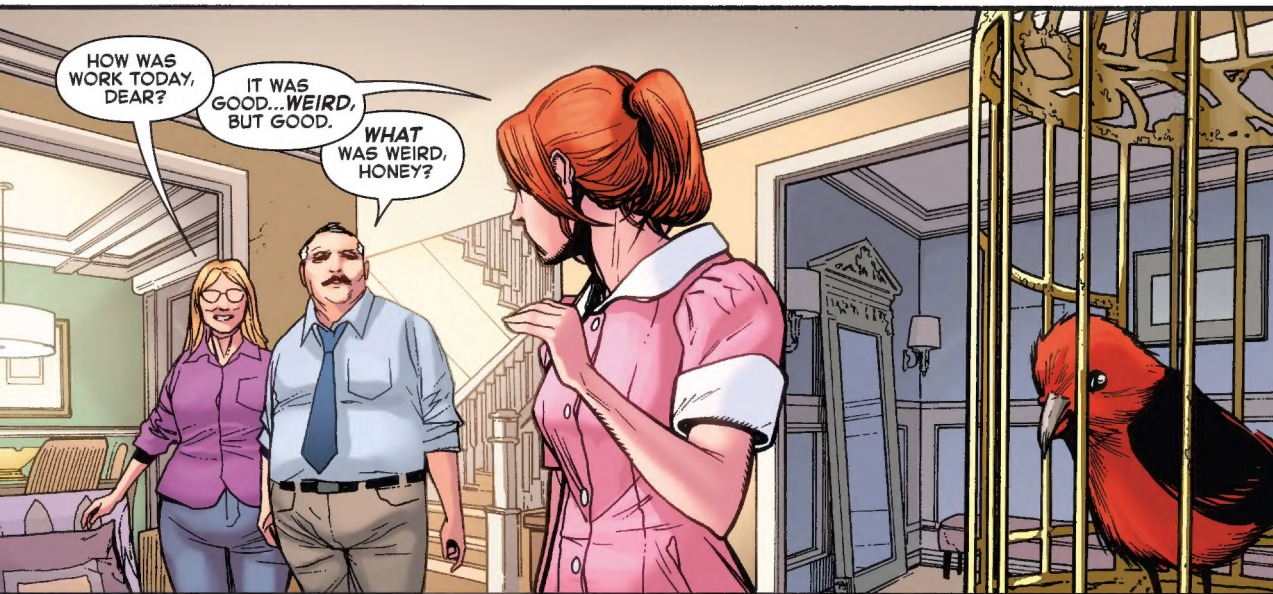


NO...
...I
CAN'T SAY
I HAVE.









SCOTT?

HELLO,
SWEETHEART.
MISS ME?

TO BE CONTINUED...

PHOENIX RESURRECTION

PHOENIX RESURRECTION #2 NEXT WEEK



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PHOENIX RESURRECTION #3
IN TWO WEEKS



PHOENIX RESURRECTION #4
IN THREE WEEKS



PHOENIX RESURRECTION #5
IN FOUR WEEKS



PHOENIX

RESURRECTION

AFTERWORD

I never got to properly mourn Jean Grey. When I first met her I was a little kid, barely old enough to read, definitely not old enough to comprehend. I'd go into my brother's closet and steal his comics while he was out. I'd pore over the pictures, trying to make sense of them without bothering to read the dialogue or captions. It was the "Dark Phoenix Saga," but all I could really tell was there was an angry red-haired lady and she was powerful, terrifying and important. And then she was gone.

But my fascination with Jean never faded. As I got older I went back. I met Jean as a young girl unsure about her powers. I watched her become a valuable member of my favorite super hero team. I watched her become the most powerful member. I watched her become a god. And I watched her die again. But at that point I knew it wasn't really her. Or maybe it was. She was just a copy. Then she came back in disguise. She came back as a clone, too. And then she just came back. She became a mentor and a leader. She became a friend and a sister. She became a wife and a love that could never be. And then she died again. Or maybe it was the first time. And I had grown so used to Jean being there, being in danger, and coming out the other

side, that I didn't believe it. I wasn't sure what the rules of a White Hot Room were, but I was sure I'd see her again in a few weeks or months at the most. And she did come back, for a second. And then nothing. She was really gone. For over a decade.

And because I was so lost in the comics, so buried in the stories, I couldn't see the bigger picture. I didn't realize that Jean Grey was really dead. I never said my goodbyes. In those years without Jean, there are great X-Men stories—some of my favorites. But something just felt off for me. An unease. It's hard to put your finger on. It's blurry and out of focus. I think the X-Men felt it, too. Jean was the center of the X-Universe, the glue that held it all together. Jean is at the heart of everything that matters about the X-Men. She is the relatable, the lovable, the cool, the awkward, the powerful, the terrifying, the calm, the fury, the brave, the dramatic and the tragic. The X-Men have gone on without her, but nothing has ever been quite the same. And that brings us to the here and now.

Befitting the Phoenix, this book is both a eulogy and a birth announcement. When I told the editors at Marvel what I wanted to

do, I said the most important thing was to honor what came before and set the stage for what will come next. So that's what you hold in your hand—reflections on the life and death of Jean Grey. Who she was as a woman, a friend, a wife, a sister, a mother, a teammate and a hero. This story is supposed to be epic and earthshaking, befitting the goddess. But it's also supposed to be personal and intimate, befitting the woman. And as we tell this story about who Jean Grey was and what she meant, there emerges a picture of who she can be again. I know it's still blurry and unclear for you right now. It is for me, too. But that feeling, that tension lifting, that sense that something big is happening? That's Jean Grey coming back. And though I never got the chance to say a proper goodbye, I am going to do my best to give her the "hello" she deserves.

And I hope you'll join me when I say, "Welcome back, Jean. We missed you."

Matthew Rosenberg.
New York City.

